

JOHNSON IS HARD AT WORK

Champion Has Flynn Doped Out as "Some" Fighter and Intends to "Be Right"

BOTH ARE COCK SURE

(By H. W. LANIGAN)

EAST LAS VEGAS, N. M., June 1.—Jack Johnson's unexpected prompt arrival on the battleground is a big boost for this city's mammoth fight entertainment on the Fourth of July. It proves that where even the champion himself was prone to postpone the Flynn date when it was first made he is keen on Flynn and has him doped as a gent who may cross his path and run him out of the spot light.

Johnson's arrival is just the boost the big pugilist performance needed. Contracting to be on the battleground no later than June 4, Lill' Artha assured Jack Curley when allowing that clause to be inserted in the articles that he doubted if he would abide by it.

"That's all foolishness," said the dusky one. "All I will need will be about two weeks work. You know I want to be on hand when I open my eye in Chicago May 15 and I wouldn't miss that big auto races in Indianapolis for nothing."

Curley called the turf. He told Johnson that he would ship a different tune along in early May. Sure enough, Curley's chatter came true. Leading about all the work Flynn was doing, right on the ground; the weight the Fighting Fireman was putting on; the way the paleface's camp was being organized and the way the experts were warming up to the show made Johnson sit up and take notice.

Champion Respects Flynn
As early as May 1 Lill' Artha gave up leading the hurrah, simple life and started doing both roadwork and gymnasium work, boxing included, in Chicago. Even when at work Johnson announced that he would not hit out for Las Vegas before the first week in June. So when he has to view May 26, accompanied by a full staff of trainers, it showed conclusively that Lill' Artha had become thoroughly imbued with the idea that the Flynn match was going to be a most exciting one, after all.

Johnson was happily fixed in his training camp within twelve hours after his arrival. Incidentally, he started his work going at once. He took a 10-mile drill on the road his first day in town. Jack got down to work in earnest his second day in Las Vegas. His daily program embraces a two hours' run in the forenoon and a like hike in the afternoon. The big black was also quick to start his training work going. Jack has a platform, 30x30, located in the back yard of his dwelling in "Old Town," the monitor saddled on Las Vegas proper. Every afternoon Johnson has it out hammer and tongs style with Cutler and George Delray, his two massive white sparring partners. Cutler was over the jump with Johnson in Reno. Delray is a newcomer in the champion's camp. Both lads are built on the same lines as Flynn, which probably forms a very good reason why they are filling their positions.

Confidence in Johnson's Camp
Cutler and Delray declare they stand no chance of as much as tapping Lill' Artha's offense than once a week and openly state that they feel sorry for Flynn on the Fourth.

"I cannot for the life of me figure how Jim can win the big bout," remarked Cutler the other afternoon. "Now to win he must hit Johnson, and I cannot see him doing it."

Confidence certainly reigns in Johnson's camp. Jack's cohorts are plainly happy over the way their star is hustling. They figure Johnson will be as good July 4 as he ever was in his life.

As for Flynn, the longshot, he is hard at it at his training camp at Montezuma, under the watchful eye of Tommy Ryan, the man who helped make Jeffries. Flynn is rounding in to wonderful condition and continues to claim what he has always claimed, to wit: that he "will knock the big dingo stiff on the Fourth." There is nothing to it but that the Fighting Fireman is cock sure he is Lill' Artha's master.

ONE LEGGED RACERS HAVE GREAT SWIM

SAN FRANCISCO, June 1.—Lincoln Johnson the one legged Y. M. C. A. swimmer was beaten today in the official trials for the All-American Olympic team by Frank Resleure, of the Olympic club, also a one legged swimmer. The race was one of the most remarkable ever swam. Resleure's time was 2 minutes 35.1 seconds for 220 yards with two turns. Officials declare there is no American record for the distance under identical conditions. The nearest approach being Daniel's time of 3 minutes 40.2 seconds for 220 yards with one turn. Johnson's time was 2 minutes 41 seconds and it is probable he will be recommended on the strength of it, although beaten, for Resleure is an Australian by birth and was never naturalized.

YALE CREWS TO GALES FERRY

NEW HAVEN, Conn., June 1.—The Yale crew which is soon to meet Harvard took its last spin on the New Haven harbor this morning. The shells were shipped this afternoon to the training quarters at Gales Ferry and the freshmen and varsity oarsmen will follow tomorrow. As the races are scheduled for June 21, the oarsmen will have less than three weeks at Gales Ferry. Last year three weeks were spent there preparing for the races.

CALIFORNIA IS LEADER AT WESTERN MEETING

After Battle Is Fought Staggs Is Ruled Off from the Conference Board

STUART FIELD, LAFAYETTE, Ind., June 1.—In a desperate battle for points fought under a broiling sun, the athletes representing California University triumphed over the University of Missouri for first honors at the twelfth annual meet of the western intercollegiate conference athletic association today. The contest ended 41.5 points, Missouri with 29.5, Illinois third with 26, Chicago fourth 15, Wisconsin fifth 12.5, Coe, sixth 10 and Minnesota seventh with 8.

Two new conference records were broken the 120 yard hurdles race, Nicholson of Missouri defeating Case of Illinois in 15.15 and the other, the two mile run when H. T. Metcalf of Oberlin clipped eight seconds from the former record, finishing 9:42.43.

Nicholson of Missouri won the individual point honors with 10.5 points, with a victory at the high hurdles, tie for first in high jump and third in the broad jump.

Second individual honors for points was divided between Dartmouth of Chicago and Wilson of Coe, who scored 10 each.

Dartmouth demonstrated he is still the peerless western college half miler and quarter miler.

After the meet it was announced the conference faculty had reaffirmed its action taken two months ago dropping athletic instructors from the representative athletic board. This action means Coach Staggs of Chicago is no longer a member of the conference board. Staggs has been a member of the conference board for twenty years.

PENNSY IS CHAMPION EASTERN COLLEGE

Four Intercollegiate Records Go by Boards Before Star Athletes

PHILADELPHIA, June 1.—The University of Pennsylvania won the intercollegiate track and field meet this afternoon. Pennsylvania made ten and one-half points more than Cornell, the next nearest competitor.

The following was the total of points: Pennsylvania 28, Cornell 17 1/2, Michigan 15, Harvard 14, Columbia 13, Syracuse 12, Dartmouth 11 1/2, Yale 10, Wesleyan 9, Brown 6, Princeton 5, Bowdoin 2, Rutgers 2, Massachusetts Technical 1.

R. E. Gardner of Yale established a new world record in the pole vault, clearing the bar at thirteen feet one inch.

Four other intercollegiate records were broken. New figures were made in the pole vault by R. S. Gardner, of Yale. After he and H. S. Babcock, of Columbia, had broken the intercollegiate record of 12 feet 8 3/8 inches, going over the bar at 12 feet 9 1/2 inches, the stick was put at 12 feet 1 inch. Gardner, on his second try cleared it amid cheers. Babcock tried three times and failed. The former world's record was 12 feet 10 7/8 inches.

C. D. Reidsmith, of Syracuse, lowered the intercollegiate record of 48.15 seconds in the quarter mile event to 48 seconds. In the half mile run J. P. Bones, of Cornell, lowered the intercollegiate record from 1:54:45 to 1:53:45.

P. K. Withington, Harvard's runner, won the two mile race and lowered the intercollegiate record of 9:25:15 to 9:24:25.

HAD LOST HIS "CREDENTIALS"

Salesman May Have Improved His Appearance, But Shave Cost Him Customers.

Charles A. Cotterill has a grand and gorgeous set of whiskers which, in their own gold and tawny way, show as many varying hues as changeable silk under the midday sun. There are mixed up in that growth of beard all the marvelous tints of the auriferous, the South African gold mines, and the circus posters. But there is a sad story connected with the facial adornment.

The first day that Cotterill traveled for a big drug firm of New York city, he waxed the whiskers up and down a wide territory, selling much merchandise and making many friends. At the end of the season he got a shave and on his next trip the tragedy began to unfold. Nobody knew him. Every time he went up to a man to whom he had made a sale previously, the fellow would say:

"You are not Cotterill. How well I remember Cotterill! He was a merry, good-natured, entertaining fellow, and he told such good stories. Besides, he had whiskers, and you have none. You can't be Cotterill."

After a week of this, Cotterill, utterly dejected by the fact that he could make no headway in his business, telegraphed his firm as follows: "Just have leave of absence long enough to grow a beard."

He has not shaved since.—Popular Magazine.

STELLAR GAME MEAT FOR FANS

Douglas Comes Confident of Winning First Inter-City Clash of the Present Baseball Season

CROWD IS EXPECTED

The district ball players will get their first taste of strangers here this afternoon at Warren Park when the Bisbee All-Stars meets Douglas. The game will begin promptly at 2:30 o'clock. The Douglas outfit will arrive in the district this morning. The Douglas view point of the game is given in the following from the Dispatch sport page:

Douglas and Bisbee will cross bats tomorrow afternoon at the Warren baseball park in the first of a series of games to test the mastery between the two aggressive teams. There will undoubtedly be a large crowd of fans from this city as well as Bisbee present to see this, the first real game of the season.

For some time Manager Brand and Captain Anderson of this city have been endeavoring to secure a series of games with Bisbee. The Douglas city league will furnish the players who will make up the local team, while the Warren district league will furnish the team which will play under its name. The class of both leagues is shown in the list of players chosen, and the game should be a "some war" one.

The Sunday game possesses unusual interest, as it will give a good line upon the playing abilities of the two teams and will show local fans what to expect when the teams line up against one another on the local grounds two weeks from tomorrow.

The lineup tomorrow will be: Warren? Kelly or Paris c. Elliot, Conley or Champion p. J. N. Chapman, D. Lee, Blair, J. H. Jones, J. E. Champion, J. C. Chapman, C. P. Primble or McCauley r. Connors if.

Douglas: Anderson, J. Brand, B. DeSwan, J. Dwyer, C. Doran, C. Matthews or Hudson p. Ames if, Aaron if.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

Duck Raiser Found Pepsin of Considerable Value, But He Has Discontinued Its Use.

Refusing to eat any kind of food offered to them, Charles Koch of Port Chester, N. Y., concluded that his flock of one dozen ducks had a form of dyspepsia and decided to doctor them himself. His method was not entirely original, for he procured pepsin tablets and, dissolving them in water, he contrived to get the fluid down their throats with the aid of a metal tube. Releasing them one by one he sat down in the house to see what happened.

Almost magical effects were noted. Instead of declining their usual proverbs, they ate it with avidity and came back for more. Scraps from the family dinner table also disappeared in a similar manner. Deighted with the success of his experiment, Koch administered additional doses of fluid pepsin. Ducks eggs were one result.

But now the entire flock seems to be always hungry. That has its disagreeable features. Seven o'clock in the morning is the customary feeding time for the ducks, but it is different now. The ducks know where Koch sleeps, and they assemble under his bedroom window and quack in chorus before five o'clock, keeping up the din until he throws some food to them. Two hours or so later they resume their clamor. So it goes all day. Koch is getting eggs, but he is losing sleep.

"Take it from me," he says, "I have stopped the pepsin."

MARKED BY MUCH COURTESY

Transaction in English Country Store Caused Reflection on Part of Boston Woman.

Letting a boy buy eggs in an English country store brought home to a Boston woman the barbarian business of her own swampan.

"The boy was about six, and he wanted three eggs," she said, "I treasured the transaction in a Boston store. In bounces the boy, slaps down the money, and shouts: 'Gimme three eggs,' the tradesman answers 'All right' or maybe nothing at all, and the deal is closed. Not so in that English store."

"Quietly the boy sidled up to the counter. From the other side a gray-haired grocer beamed upon him benevolently, and said, 'Thank you' inquiringly."

"Three eggs, if you please," said the boy.

"Thank you," said the grocer, and put the eggs into a paper bag.

"The boy received the bag with another 'Thank you,' and 'Thank you,' replied the grocer when he took the money, which was affected with another interchange of 'Thank you's. Just count the civilities: Six 'Thank you's' and one of you please' to buy three eggs. In Boston you could do a week's marketing on less courtesy."

When your child has whooping cough be careful to keep the cough loose and expectoration easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as may be required. This remedy will also liquify the tough mucus and make it easier to expectorate. It has been used successfully in many epidemics and is safe and sure. For sale by all dealers.

Not on the Calendar

By Kate Cleves

Peter Barton caught a glimpse of Nancy Gage just as the tail of her cream-colored pony whisked around the shoulder of the hill and he was riding after her in an instant. But when she turned and saw him coming down the trail and he saw the sparkle of her blue eyes and the sunny gleam of her bright hair he pulled his gray horse down to a walk for his heart was filled with apprehension. Suppose—just suppose Nancy Gage preferred to be alone this glorious May morning when all the ranges shimmered with the fresh green of young grass and the melting blue of the sky seemed to tint the gray rocks to a warmer, softer hue. With the fluctuating mood of an undecided lover, Peter felt a sudden coldness about his heart. Of course she didn't want him!

"Good morning Peter Barton," greeted Nancy in her sweet, friendly way. "I thought you had started for Honey Creek."

"I've been there, and I'm on my way home now," responded Peter.

"It's a long way around then because this trail leads to the Spouting Springs." Nancy glanced up at him from beneath thick fringing eyelashes. He decided that turquoise blue eyes seen through this alluring screen were more dangerous than when turned directly on a chap.

"What is the matter? You haven't heard a word I've uttered!" scolded Nancy over her shoulder.

"Heh? Why, you said you were going to Spouting Spring," stammered Peter, reddening.

"I am—and you said you were on your way home and I remarked that you were taking the long way around," she said demurely.

"You mean—that I better be going home?" Peter pulled his horse and swung around on the back trail. "I beg your pardon, Miss Nan; I ought not to have butted in on your ride without asking leave."

"Oh, bother, I didn't mean anything of the sort, Peter Barton," returned Nancy crossly. "Why are you so thin-skinned about such little matters?"

"Because I'm in love with you," blurted Peter. Instantly he was horrified at his own temerity. So long as the words were unspoken there was a chance—a chance that Nancy might say "yes!" but now that they were away from his lips the postponed answer must come—and he would have nothing left to dream about during those long nights on the open plains when he was in camp with the boys.

"Peter Barton!" Was there a catch in Nancy's voice or did he imagine it?

"You're not surprised, are you?" He was emboldened to continue. "Most anybody could see how it is with me!"

"Could they?" There was no doubt about it—Nancy's voice was cool.

"Yes," said Peter recklessly. "I suspect the whole camp knows what a fool I am!"

"Do you believe so?" asked Nancy frigidly.

"Yes—you wouldn't marry me, would you, Miss Nan?" Peter's hand rested on the satin flank of the cream-colored pony, and the broad brim of his hat brushed Nancy's shoulder.

There was a flick of Nancy's whip and the cream-colored pony dashed forward. "Of course I'd marry you," retorted Nancy over her shoulder, and anyone but a man deeply in love would have recognized the mockery in her voice.

"When?" demanded Peter ardently, urging his own horse in pursuit.

"Will you go home now if I tell you?" was Nancy's odd reply, as she halted her pony and faced him.

"Yes—I'll go anywhere, if you want me to," said Peter dazedly, for as yet he could not believe that it was he who was boldly asking lovely Nancy Gage, his boss's daughter, to share the humble lot of a cattleman.

"I'll marry you—of course!" called Nancy, lightly though her eyes looked dark now. "I'll marry you sure, the thirty-first of September!" The white pony flashed about and dashed down the trail, while Peter Barton sat like a statue gazing after his sweetheart—that's what she was—his promised sweetheart! Had she not just said so with her sweet lips, and then fled away from him with girlish shyness? Peter removed his hat and watched her until the pony and rider had disappeared around the rocky entrance to Spouting Spring canon.

Peter Barton entered the bunk house two hours late that evening, and the big package of mail matter that he tossed on the table before his comrades did not allay their just indignation at his tardiness on the eventful day of the week.

His face was transfigured with joy and they knew that something had happened to lift the cloud from his brow. It was Ben Holcomb whose careless dart looked the Bullseye.

"You look as if the lady has just said yes," he drawled, unfolding a newspaper that was his share of the mail.

"She has!" responded Peter recklessly happy, as he flung his hat on its accustomed peg.

"And named the day in the bargain!" ventured Latlin from his corner.

"She has!" repeated Peter dizzily. "The thirty-first of September!"

"The thirty-first of what?" demanded Ben quickly.

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"Of September—three months off—right here on the calendar!" Peter tapped the leaves of the big calendar until he disclosed the September sheet, and he ran his brown finger rapidly over the days, finally paused at the thirtieth, hesitating, and turning a white face to his friends.

"It isn't on the calendar," he said in a shocked voice. "It isn't on this calendar—has anybody got another one?"

"It isn't on any calendar, you galoot!" shouted Crangle noisily. "Haven't you ever heard that old rhyme about 'Thirty days hath September, April, June and November? Why, the lady was joking you!"

Crangle was the only one who laughed in the white agonized face of Peter Barton. He looked from one to another of his mates and saw only pity in their glances. He reached up and swung his hat to his head again.

"I guess it was a mistake," she was playing a joke on me," he said thickly and was gone. After a few moments of tense silence they heard the clatter of the hoofs of the gray horse.

"I wouldn't believe it of her," muttered Ben Holcomb to Latlin under cover of a newspaper. They had seen how it was with Peter and Boss Gage's daughter.

"You don't suppose—you don't suppose she's still hankering after that fellow from down Tucson way?" whispered Latlin.

"Dentman, you mean?"

The other nodded. "Miss Nan was some took with him, and when he went away so sudden and we heard he was married, she looked mighty peaked for awhile."

"I'm afraid maybe she did mind, though we ought not to put it into words," said Ben chivalrously. "Somehow, I'm sorry she took it into her head to treat Peter that way."

"I don't like her to do it—not if she knew it was going to hurt him," was Latlin's reply.

During the months that followed Peter's proposal, he carefully avoided approaching Nancy Gage. On the big ranch that was an easy matter, and the few times they met each other unexpectedly Peter Barton's eyes were turned steadily away, while he bared his head before the girl who had flouted him.

Nancy, at first merciless in the sting of her own love affair, assumed that he had understood and accepted her rude rejection of him. But when she met him time after time and saw the set gravity of his features and the somberness of his gray eyes, she grew a little fearful of what she had done. After awhile she found herself thinking often of the stern-faced cowboy who avoided her whenever possible.

After awhile her remorseful thoughts of Peter Barton quitted crowded out her feeling fancy for the brilliant Dentman from Tucson, and she found herself longing for an opportunity to apologize to Peter for the wrong she had done him. Once she rode out deliberately with the intention of throwing herself in his way that she might have a chance to ask his forgiveness.

It was the last day of September, and the parched grass lay flat on the plains. She had heard her father tell Peter to ride over to Honey Creek post-office for the weekly mail, and from her window she had seen his well-knit figure on the gray horse sweep away from the corral and out of sight. She dressed herself in a becoming riding dress of linen that matched her eyes, and without a hat on her sunny head, she mounted the cream-colored pony and was away.

That was how it happened that Peter came across her on the shoulder of a hill as he had on that May day when he had asked her to marry him. He had been whistling softly as he rode, and she had been watching his face with a strange wistfulness in her own when he suddenly looked up and saw her. Then the sound died on his lips and his face stiffened like a grave mask and he lifted his hat.

Nancy Barton put forth a hand and caught the bridle of the gray horse. "Peter! Peter Barton—don't look like that!" she half sobbed.

Gently Peter disengaged her fingers. "You needn't worry yourself about me, Miss Nan," he said kindly. "I'm all right, although I ought to be larruped good for going around with a long face." He smiled cheerfully, but Nancy Gage was not to be consoled in that way. With a little cry she dropped her head on the pony's neck and sobbed bitterly.

Peter Barton was frightened. "Miss Nan, what is it?" he stammered excitedly. "If it's that Dentman chap—I'll—I'll have him—"

"It's yourself, Peter Barton—I don't want anyone but you and I never did!" sobbed Nancy. "What I said to you before was spoken when I was feeling unhappy and what I say today I mean every word—I do!"

Peter slipped from his horse and came to her side. "Miss Nan—Nan," he whispered fearfully. "Do you really mean it—that you want me—that you'll marry me?"

Nancy lifted a tear-wet face and smiled down at him. "I do mean it, Peter," she said simply. "I'll marry you today if you want me to—it's the last day of September," she added as she slipped into his waiting arms.

"I'm honored, honey," he whispered, "but we'll do it right and proper as soon as may be—and that day—when we are married, won't be on any calendar on earth—I'm mighty sure that day'll be made in heaven."

Her Qualifications.
"I call my wife the real telephone parodox."

Got Through.
Among other startling statements in her composition on "A Railway Journey" the following was made by a little Baltimore girl: "You must get a ticket, which is a piece of paper, and you give it to a man, who cuts a hole in it and lets you pass through."

Writing and Selling.
"Your output of stories is not large." "No, I produce only two a year." "Is the work of writing them so very difficult?" "No it's the work of selling them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"That's true," said Frank. "I would give it up, but I don't know what to do with the rug."

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THE BIG PICNIC

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